

Then these pieces give us pictures of village life in practically all its phases and we go from situation to situation following them. Here is a daughter who has had some words with her mother and is making up the quarrel and saying: "Who should settle a dispute between mother and daughter ? Has the pearl become heavy to the ear-ring, my mother? and O my mother who bore me do you think that I meant what I said?*" Or we hear another daughter describing how she enjoyed her visit to her mother's house. She went to her mother's house and ate all that tongue desired. She ate of the dishes all she wanted. She saw her mother's face and drank, as it were, her breast-milk again as when a child. If the mother is poor, the daughter may get nothing beyond a loving look and a kindly word, but they would be to her all she wanted. She has, however, come away to her husband's house, because it is not right for a daughter to wish to stay in her mother's house. Her proper place is her husband's house. Even if you drink only gruel, she says, the husband's house is the proper place. Even if you are in a palanquin, with servants holding whisks on left and right, do not stay in the obligation of the mother's house. Or we hear another daughter who has come back from the mother's house for it is no good without the mother. Go not to the mother's house, she says, when the mother is not there; when the calf comes

to a tank in which there is no water and
turns back,
so will you feel the pain of it. The simile is
beautiful;
so too is the affectionate reverence for the
mother
expressed when the daughter asks: "Why
do you want
so many days to go to Benares? My
mother's house is